



5.32


A Legend


Red-Breast


For Young People


X 20525 3716



Red-Breast

[A LEGEND OF THE CROSS]
For Young People.

MOST children know the Robin,
The little bird of snow,
That comes and tip-tap at our door
For morsels we bestow.
Not all perhaps have heard
How little Robin came
To win, and wear, and own
Its most distinguished name.

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Once upon a time,
Many centuries ago,
There came into this world a Child,
God given, born for woe,
To point the way, as He grew up,
How we should live and die,
And fit us for our home above,
Our dwelling place on high.

He was a Holy Child,
And, according to God's plan,
He lived a sinless life,
Tho' He took upon Him man.
But cruel mocking men
Led Him on to Calvary,
There His precious life-blood
Was shed for you and me.



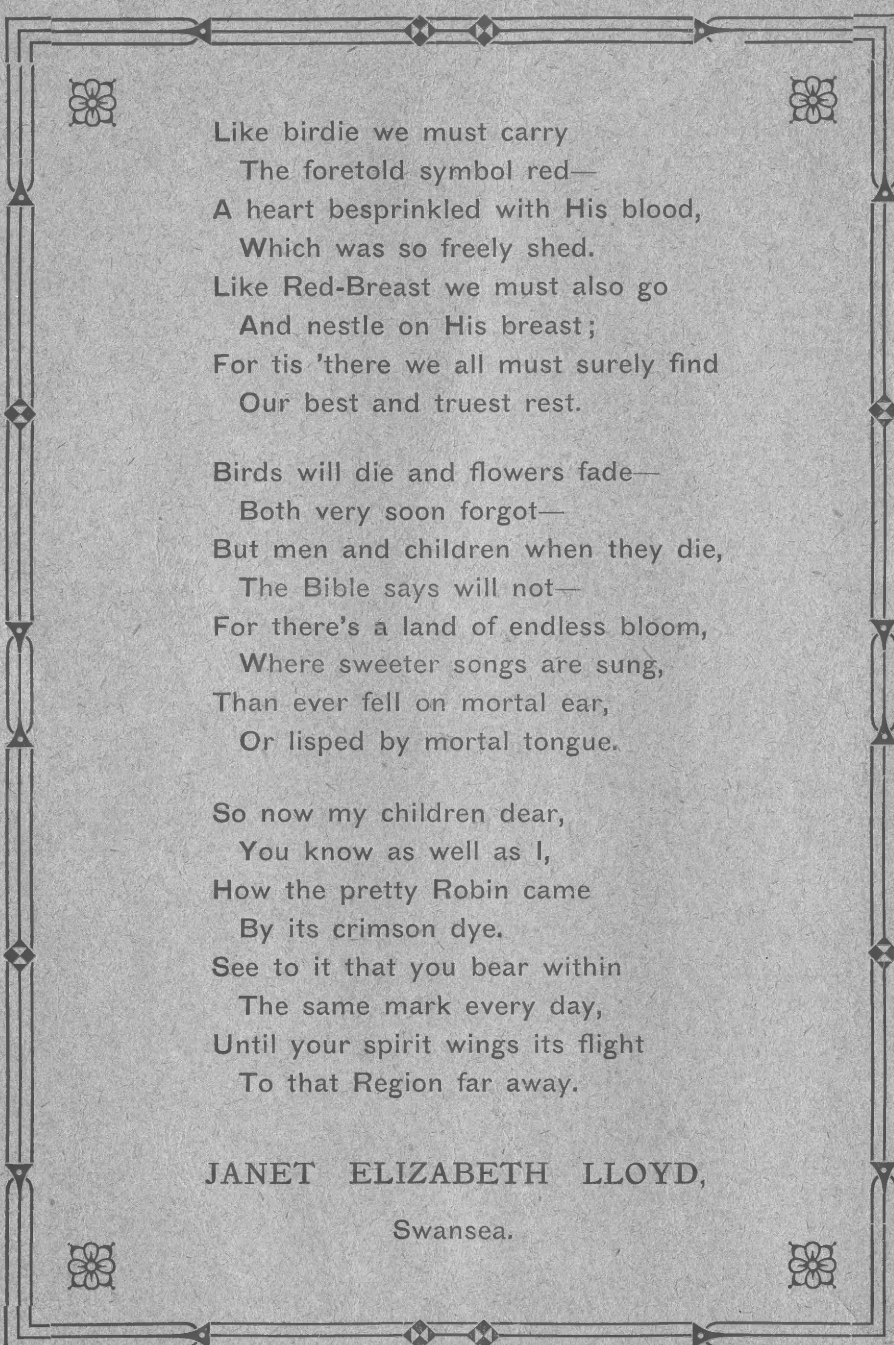
Not far away, a little bird
Stood perched upon a tree,
Eye-witness to that awful scene,
On the Mount of Calvary.
In a mood of sympathy it came
And nestled on the breast
Of the dying Saviour's bleeding form,
And now you know the rest.

Presently it flew away,
With a drooping little head,
Bearing with it a love token,
Its breast bestrewed with red.
A simple story truly,
Ne'er would it I gainsay,
Since all the little Robins
Bear the same tell-tale to-day.

Now if birds and flowers preach and teach,
And their little anthems swell,
Surely we are not without
More wondrous tales to tell.
'Twas for us that Jesus lived and died,
Told us about that home on high,
How to forgive and be forgiven,
And prepared the way to Heaven.

Birds may swell their joyful song,
Flowers preach so sweet;
This the burthen of their song,
Offerings most meet.
But we can bring a richer gift,
Our gratitude and love,
Because we know He loved so well,
So we our love should prove.





Like birdie we must carry
The foretold symbol red—
A heart besprinkled with His blood,
Which was so freely shed.
Like Red-Breast we must also go
And nestle on His breast;
For tis 'there we all must surely find
Our best and truest rest.

Birds will die and flowers fade—
Both very soon forgot—
But men and children when they die,
The Bible says will not—
For there's a land of endless bloom,
Where sweeter songs are sung,
Than ever fell on mortal ear,
Or lisped by mortal tongue.

So now my children dear,
You know as well as I,
How the pretty Robin came
By its crimson dye.
See to it that you bear within
The same mark every day,
Until your spirit wings its flight
To that Region far away.

JANET ELIZABETH LLOYD,

Swansea.